

Hermione's Diary- Part 1

by Hermione G

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Summary: Hermione's diary from her 4th year at hogwarts. this is a three parter!

1. Default Chapter Title

A/N: Hey everyone! this is my first fanfic to be posted on this site! I've read all the other fanfics on this site. they're very good, I must comment all of you on that! in case none of you understand what's going on, it's fourth year and this is hermione's diary. This is a half drama half romance fic, but I list it under romance. And, all of you who love harry/hermione stories will hate this! so, you might as well read it now!

Hermione's Diary part I

Dear Diary, Today was an average day. Even if it was the start of fourth year, it was average. Mum and dad seemed so proud when I left on the Hogwarts Express today. They think they know me, a student who gets all A's, even in potions. But no one knows the true me, including myself. Uh-oh, McGonagall is yelling at me to go to sleep, so I'd better stop for now. Goodnight Diary.

Love from Hermione

Dear Diary, Why must boys be so confusing? Harry and Ron don't seem like the same people I knew in third year. They gossip almost as much as girls do! It's only the fourth day in classes and still I find them intolerable! I liked them as friends because they weren't annoying, such as Lavender and Parvati. I could be myself when I was with them. All the girls cared about was makeup, clothes, and guys. They seemed so one-dimensional. But now, everything has changed.

Love from Hermione

Dear Diary, When mum bought me this diary for my fourteenth birthday,

she said to have fun with it. She has no clue what I actually use this for. I use this to record my feelings, hopes, and dreams. Why must everything be so different, diary? Everything was so perfect last year. Now everything is so complicated. Love from Hermione

Dear Diary, Can you believe it's almost October? Yes, it has been awhile since I've written last. But, today I have something to write about. Why must everyone criticize me? Just today, in transfiguration, we had an oral quiz. I answered every question perfectly. Then, Lavender turns to me and says, "Well, I bet YOU got an A! Miss I'm just so perfect!" And everyone started laughing, even Harry! Well, I can't say everyone. Ron just stared. I think he fell asleep with his eyes open again. McGonagall had a fit and he's now in detention. Love from Hermione

Dear Diary, It's been a week since I have written. And needless to say, nothing has changed. Everyone is just so rude to me sometimes. Like today, for example, I brought a book to breakfast, as usual. It's the Tales of Shakespeare, a very good muggle author. I was in the middle of a very good play called Hamlet, when Lavender and her friends came over. I'll write as much as I can in a form like a script for a play. It's much easier to write this way.

:: Lavender and her friends come over::

Lavender: whatever are you reading now miss perfect?

It's a very good play called Hamlet, By Shakespeare.

Lavender: SHAKESPEARE? How BORING. Sorry to say this Hermione dear, but u are a very strange troubled child!

:: she and her friends laugh::

Not exactly troubled, Lavender. I just have a bigger brain than you do and can comprehend this kind of information, unlike you.

Lavender: are you like saying I'm stupid?

If you would like to put it that way, yes.

:: Lavender and her friends stalk away::

You see what I mean, Diary? They just can't leave me alone! What is it that they want, give up what I like? Well, Harry is back from quidditch practice and he and Ron are wondering where I am. Till then, diary, hope no one reads you. They would never let me forget it.

Love from Hermione

Dear Diary, Things have gotten much worse. Now, everyone just calls me the smart one, or something. Take this example from Transfiguration:

McGonagall: Now, for the bonus questions on today's quiz. These really don't have to do with magic much, just to see what you know. Name 2 teachers in this school with Latin names.

:: my hand shoots up::

Mcgonagall: yes, Hermione?

Professor Snape and Professor Dumbledore, Ma'am.

Mcgonagall: very good! Can you tell me what they mean?

Severus means severe in Latin. And Albus means white. And Dumbledore means bumblebee.

Mcgonagall: very good.

Lavender: NOW we know who the teacher's pet is!

:: everyone laughs. I hide my face so no one would see my eyes fill with tears::

Lavender: I mean, really Hermione! Answering EVERY question! Some life you have!

:: Mcgonagall announces that it's lunchtime. I run from the room, so no one would see me cry::

Love from Hermione

Dear Diary, It has been a week and a half since the disastrous Transfiguration class. But now I have something new to agonize about. You'll never guess what Hogwarts is doing this year for Christmas, Diary. We're having a dance. I honestly just want to die. It'll be the worst night of my life. Ginny says I should bring my wand, just in case Lavender and her friends try anything. She says I should set fire to their robes. I don't know what I'm going to do, Diary. Ron says I should go, and have fun. Harry says I should go, and have fun, if I can get a date. Now there's something I haven't talked about. It seems like everyone is dating these days, which makes life even more complicated. Even Draco has a date! And it's only October! The rest of the Gryffindor girls have gotten more annoying than ever, talking about the dance. So I try to spend as much time possible out of Gryffindor tower, so they can't start picking on me. Right now my spot is in this one tree, where I'm hidden from everything else. Here is where I write in you, diary. Here is where I write stories and poems, and record my daily life. Life has so many problems, and writing about them helps.

Love from Hermione

Dear Diary, Yes, I haven't written in awhile, since now it's the middle of November. Exams are only weeks away! Of course, I started studying in October. But, I did it with as much privacy as I could get! Everyone would have never let me be if I studied in the library. Luckily, Hagrid lets me come down to his hut for some privacy. He's a good friend to me, one of the best I have these days. He lets me study in peace. It's almost like he understands me. Occasionally, these days Ron and Harry come too, to study. But they can't concentrate for more than an hour without goofing off. Love from Hermione

Dear Diary, I never write as much anymore, since that last entry. Now

it's nearing the end of November, and it's too cold to go to my tree. Harry and Ron just keep goofing off when we go to Hagrid's, so I must now study in the common room. Although, many of the girls in my dorm can hardly keep their mind on their studies. They all are obsessed with this dance! Honestly, going on for hours how they're going to wear their hair! I have better things to do than that. Lavender says I'm just SO unoriginal, because I've never styled my hair before, except for headband and ponytail. Who said she was fashion queen? Obviously all the other girls in Gryffindor, because they agree. This dance is going to be a mess. Maybe I can sneak a book in. Perhaps I'll bring you, Diary, to record the events of that night. Maybe it won't be so bad. But I absolutely despise Lavender, though. Her pride and joy in life is to criticize me. Uh-oh, Harry and Ron are looking for me, Diary. I'll be right back. The room is deserted. Everyone is out studying. Love from Hermione

To be continued in part II

2. Default Chapter Title

Hermione's Diary Part II

A/N: Hey everyone! Well, here it is. Part 2 of this long fanfic. Also, Not much romance occurs in this chapter, but I still list it under romance. Why? Because that's what the entire story is. Have fun reading!

Disclaimer: All characters belong to JK Rowling etc. So don't sue me. I only have about \$20 in my wallet. ~

11-27

Dear Diary, I can't believe it. I just don't believe it. All right, calm down Hermione and start from the beginning. I came back to the common room where I left you, diary. As soon as I stepped in, fear took over me. Lavender was sitting, sitting in the exact chair as I had, reading my diary! This will be easier if I write in dialogue form. My life is in shambles, diary. It's like there is no hope. Anyways, here is what was said, in the best I can remember it.

::Walks into the common room and stops short::

Lavender! What are you doing?

Lavender: Pleased to see me, Hermione?

No! Not at all!

Lavender: I've just come across this very interesting book. ::she hold up my diary:: Now I know what you really think of me, Hermione!

Why are you so surprised, Lavender? We hate each other!

Lavender: You would be cool if you weren't such a dork.

I am NOT a dork!

Lavender: Yes, you are. You're a dork and a school nerd with no social life! You're pathetic. Everyone hates you anyways. No reason trying to make friends here. You're too much of an outcast. ::she stops for a minute:: You're not going to cry, are you?

::At that moment, Ron bursts in::

Ron: All right Lavender, enough is enough!

Lavender: Were you listening to this conversation?

Ron: Every word.

Lavender: Well, it isn't any of your business!

Ron: Hermione is my friend! So it is my business! Leave her alone!

Lavender: I won't. and you can't make me. ::she turns to me:: See you later, dorkface.

::I run from the room with watery eyes::

11-29

Dear Diary, It was horrible. How can one person be so cruel? I'm writing in you from a corner in the library, diary. Two days after I wrote last. Where I write from now is a dark and damp corner of the library, where no one goes near. I feel like this corner diary. Dark, cold, and Empty. I'm empty. I've lost everything I've ever gained, including friendships. These days, friendship has no meaning. Loneliness has taken over. All I have left is my book smarts and you, diary. What is nice about you, diary, is that I can tell you my loves and hates, my hopes and dreams, and you never reply. There's no one to criticize, just to listen. To let you say things you wish you could say aloud, but can't. Things you wish you could say to people, but cannot. My friends have deserted me, even Harry and Ron. Harry spends all his time with Cho and quidditch practice. But Ron, it's a strange story. Honestly, if anything is puzzling in life, it's boys. I mean, one minute they're your friend, and the next, they're avoiding you.

Love from Hermione

12-2

Dear Diary, Well, it's now December. Dance month. A month that is supposed to bring happiness and good cheer, but really brings trouble and confusion. Exams are nearing, getting closer and closer by day. I've lately been studying with Ron, because Harry is practicing quidditch all the time. Honestly, if anyone has took a new turn for change, it's Ron. I mean, I hardly know him anymore. Here's an example from one of our study sessions.

::Walks into the library and looks around for Ron. Sees him sitting at a table and reading a thick book, that he looks fascinated about::

Hello.

Ron: ::shuts his book and puts it in his bag:: Hi. Ready to study?

Always. It's almost odd seeing you reading, for a change.

Ron: Don't be too surprised. It's a good book.

::They start to study::

Hmmmâ€|Now for History of Magic. Flourish and Blotts was-

Ron: established in 1025 when the printing spell was invented.
Founded to help make textbooks for students.

Wowâ€|â€|â€|Um, that's rightâ€|â€|I didn't even remember that!

::Ron blushes::

Ron: I haven't been falling asleep in History of Magic. Also, the
potion for curing chicken pox has only 2 drops of dragon's blood, not
three.

But isn't that tomorrow's potions lesson? I mean, I looked over it
this summer but-

Ron: ::turns even redder:: I, um, read ahead. Last night. ::he
suddenly becomes fascinated in his history of magic notes and resumes
to looking over them::

::looks at him oddly, but continues to study. A few hours
laterâ€|â€|::

Well, um, I really must be going. Au revoir, mon ami.

Ron: Hey, that's French, isn't it? It's a pretty language. Where did
you learn it?

I took courses in the summer. ::leaves. But turns back::

::Ron has put his books away and has taken out the same thick book he
was reading before. Looks closer at it and sees it's about greek
mythology. Looks at him in disbelief and leaves::

12-6

Dear Diary, See what I mean, diary? I honestly think that Ron's nuts!
Also, Since this dance is nearing, the entire school is gone insane!
Every conversation now is about this dance and who's going with who.
Everyone in Gryffindor tower has a date, except me, that is. Ron said
he might not go, for some odd reason. Harry's going with Cho, much to
Ginny's disappointment. I heard Lavender was going with Neville. Man,
do I feel sorry for that kid. He's going to have to put up with her
all night! Yes, I know it sounds mean, but, seriously, she's
impossible. Also, Exams start tomorrow! I'm nervous, but everyone
says I'm going to get A's though. Lavender is still being an annoying
jerk.

Love from Hermione 12-10

Dear Diary, I cannot write much now. It's the fourth day of exams. Anyways, we've had most of them I only have potions tomorrow. I hope I pass. Professor Snape doesn't necessarily like me. But, he doesn't necessarily like anyone. So, I'm guessing we're all doomed. I think the only person who's not worried is Ron. He just took them all without worrying. Honestly, he gets stranger and stranger every day. Half of the time I see him READING! Reading, diary! He NEVER does that! Unless he has to. But lately, he's been avoiding people. Like he has some kind of secret. No one knows what's up with him. Not even me. And usually I can figure it out. Harry says it's stress. Ginny says he's too complicated to figure out. I don't think it's either. But yet, I don't know what it is.

Love from Hermione

12-24

Dear Diary, It's been awhile since I wrote last! Amazing how busy one person can get! I've lately been getting hit with snowballs and things, but I honestly don't want to get into that. But I must say one thing. Lavender has good aim. Most people now are excited for christmas. But, I'm just plain nervous. I haven't even thought about presents and things. I've just been avoiding Lavender. Well, now everyone is hyped for this dance. I walked past the great hall today. They've already started decorating. I haven't even been thinking about the dance, or anything for that matter. Basically, I'm trying to restore my friends. But Ginny and Harry are pulling away. And Ron, is being Ron. He's oblivious to everything. It's like he's in his own little world.

Love from Hermione

12-25 9:30 AM

Dear Diary, Merry Christmas! Actually, it's not exactly merry, because life is still a mess. I received some nice presents, though. Mother got me some new book and another diary! I guess she thinks I write a lot. I also received a new muggle outfit. Maybe I'll wear that to the dance tonight. But the strange thing is, is that I got an anonymous gift! It's a very pretty gold locket and I've got no idea who it's from! It's quite pretty, and I haven't opened it. It's a mystery. Anyways, I should write everything that happens today. So I don't leave anything out. Love From Hermione

12-25 6:40 PM

Dear Diary, Well, it's almost here. Today was an exciting day though. Snowball fights, many games, and much more. Now, I'm caged in my room, getting ready for the dance. Despite how all the other girls are wearing dresses, I'm wearing flare jeans. Jeans, black boots, and a sweater seem fine to me. However, I'm allowing the girls to put makeup on me. Why I let them, I have no idea. However, the makeup does look flattering on me. At least the girls say so.

Love from Hermione

12-25 7:30 PM

Dear Diary, Well, I'm at the dance. But I'm not dancing. I'm writing, which I find much more entertaining anyhow. Anyways, what happened

before the dance was very very funny! Here's how I remembered it.

::walks down the girls' staircase with her diary to leave. Ron's sitting in the common room. He dressed like a Fench guy, with a beret and everything::

Ron: well, Bon soir, mon amie!

Ron, you nut! Where did you learn French?

Ron: I learned a little from Harry

Why?

Ron: Because Harry says French impresses girls

::starts cracking up. Harry comes downstairs and laughs too::

Harry: I didn't think you'd ACTUALLY believe me! You're not going to go to the dance looking like that, are you?

::Ron turns red and runs up the boy's staircase. Harry and I leave for the dance::

Love from Hermione

12-25 8:30 PM

Dear Diary, Honestly, I don't believe it. This is even worse that Lavender reading my diary. Let me start from the beginning.

::is at the dance, writing in her diary. Lavender and her friends walk over::

Lavender: So, freak, can you be anymore geeky?

Leave me alone, Lavender.

Lavender: I guess not. She's surely freakish enough to bring a diary to a dance! ::she and her friends laugh::

Shut up, Lavender.

Lavender: oh, you're going to fight me now, aren't you? ::she punches me in the face:: Guess not. You're too much of a wuss.

::by this time, everyone has turned around to watch::

Oh, a wuss am I? ::spots a bowl of GREEN jello punch (LOL to all my Ezboard friends!). Takes out her wand::

Lavender: what are you going to do now?

THIS! ::zaps the bowl of punch. It flies over Lavender and pours the contents all over her:: GIVING YOU WHAT YOU DESERVE, YOU ANNOYING BRAT!

::Lavender is soaked in punch. Everyone starts laughing. Lavender

glares at me::

Lavender: ::in a low voice:: Get out. No one here likes you, freak. Get out of here and never come back. You're a wuss and a freak that will never amount to anything. No matter how much you try. You're a waste of perfectly good Gryffindor space. ::she smiles evilly::

::I can feel the tears starting to slip down my face as Lavender and her friends start to laugh. I quickly grab my diary and run. I run outside to the tree, despite the cold. I can hear Lavender yell, Merry Christmas, then laugh. But the last thing I heard, diary, was someone running after me, calling my name.::

To be continued in part III

3. Default Chapter Title

Hermione's diary part III

A/N: Well, here I go again. This is the last, ::sniff:: installment of Hermione's diary! I dunno, I may continue some day. I had a lot of fun writing it. I started writing it for school, but I never thought I'd send it in as a fic. But, I'm not leaving forever! I already have ideas for new fics and I may co- write one with a friend of mine. YOU KNOW who you are, my wonderful RPG friend! Anyways, au revoir for now and I'll be back soon!

Disclaimer: All characters belong to JK Rowling yada yada yada. These things are getting very annoying

12-25 8:45 PM.

Dear Diary, Well, I ran to my tree, which is where I'm writing from now. I'm thinking about running away, and not coming back. After all, no one here likes me. I've lived my life as a muggle for 11 years, I think I can do it for decades and decades more. It's not like I'd be missed by anyone here, would I? Love from Hermione

12-25 11:55 PM.

Dear Diary, Well, it certainly was an interesting night. Here's how I remember it, but from his viewpoint, it may be different. I sat in my tree, with my diary closed, looking out over the lake when I heard him. I know his voice when I hear it. He was calling my name, wondering where I was. I looked over, and he ran into view. He stops short at the sight of me. "Hermione?" He said, " Why are you all the way up there?" " I'm thinking, Ron," I replied. " Well, can I come up? You look awfully lonely," He says, with a concerned look. Now, if it was any other time, I would have told him off. But, I nodded my head and he climbed up beside me. " I saw what happened with Lavender, " Ron says, " That was cruel of her. I would have punched in the nose if you hadn't run away so quickly. I had to catch you before you did anything rational." " Well, I am running away," I said, " I'm running away and not coming back. Nobody likes me here, Ron. I'd be better off living my life as a muggle." " No Hermione, that isn't a good idea," Ron says, " You are awesome at your studies! So what if you don't have a lot of friends? I don't wither, and I'm not complaining." We look at each other curiously, not knowing what to say next. Then, a question popped into my head. I debated whether

to ask it, but I felt that I must. " Ron," I ask, curiously, wondering what the answer would be, " why did you come after me?" Ron's face turns red. I knew he wasn't blushing though. It was anger. "I never expected this," Ron says, looking angrier by the second, " I thought you would have caught on by now, being how smart you are. But, I guess you're too dim to realize that I like you! You're too obsessed with schoolwork to care! What do I have to do to get your attention? Hire a skywriting plane to write I love Hermione?" "Butâ€¦" I started to say. "No, forget it!" He yells, looking incredibly frustrated, " Just forget it! You'd never like me anyways! I might as well leave Find myself a girl who likes me in return!" He jumps down from the tree and starts to walk away, quite angry. But what did I do? Then it hit me. Who was being a real friend to me all this time? Who was studying with me all the time? Who stood up for me? That's when I realized it. I was in love with Ron Weasley. And I was too dumb to understand. What would everyone think once word got out? But, I knew what I had to do. I jumped down from the tree. " Do not just walk away!" I said, with force. "What?" Ron asked, his face full of confusion. He whipped around and I ran to catch up with him. " I said, Do not just walk away. Listen, I may have not realized it, and I'm sorry. I'm even sorrier for even liking you in the first place for I am not worthy of your love. You should go find someone else because I'mâ€¦" But Ron cut me off. What happened next was unexpected, but meant to be. Ron pulled me to him and kissed me. I don't know exactly how long we kissed, but it was my first. Pretty cool, huh? Soon, we pulled away. "What was that for?" I asked, curiously. I was so surprised and happy that he did that. "Because I love you, that of which you should know by now," He replies, smiling. I smile back at him. For a time in my life, I was at lost for words. "So, what now?" I ask. He slips his arm around my shoulders and smiles again. "How about we go back to the dance?" He asks, " There's still an hour left of it." "Okay," I say. We walk back to the dance together, his arm still on my shoulders. Lavender had left and everyone was quite surprised to see us back. We dance for awhile and we start to talk about what we received for Christmas. "I think you should know," Ron says, " That I gave you that locket. I was going to tell you how I felt after the dance, but, you found out early. There's a picture of me inside. I didn't know if you would have liked it or not" He turns bright red. "I love it. It was very thoughtful of you," I say, smiling. He blushes even more and pulls me closer again. We kiss and dance further into the night. It was sad when the dance ended, but, we have things planned for tomorrow. He's teaching me the secrets of Wizard chess and I'm teaching him how to work a television. I basically just want to see how confused he gets when he tries to work it! Anyways, I'm going to be diary, and it truly was an average day. Love from Hermione

End
file.